

-JINGLES-



OF A

HAPPY



MOTHER GOOSE

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THERE CAME A NICE SPIDER,
AND SAT DOWN BESIDE HER,
AND SAID TO MISS MUFFET,
"GOOD DAY!"





HE PUT IN HIS THUMB,
AND PULLED OUT A PLUM.
AND SAID, "WHAT A BIG PLUM-ON, MY!"

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LITTLE BO-PEEP SO LOVES HER SHEEP.
SHE KNOWS JUST WHERE TO FIND THEM.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

BY

EMMA S. SEALE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY GERTRUDE MARIN

*Little Tommy Grace
Had a frown on his face,
So big that he couldn't learn a letter;
When in came Dickey Long,
Singing such a funny song,
That Tommy laughed, and everything
was better.*



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INTRODUCTION

THIS has been called "the century of the child," and truly we have just commenced to study the child as a personality and to perceive the child's natural right to happiness of mind as well as to that happiness of body which is called "health."

Realizing how potent is the power of all good thought planted in the fertile ground of the mind of a growing child, the careful modern mother hesitates over the old Mother Goose rhymes. Dear as they are for old custom's sake, many of them are brutal, or too sad to be mentally healthful at a time when the little brain is most plastic to absorb and strong to retain.

We who have felt their spell cannot bear to part with them altogether, so it has been found possible to turn to good that which seemed evil. In this little volume the objectionable parts of the old verses have been altered so that there is not a line remaining to engender unbeautiful or fearful images in the youthful imagination; and withal the ancient charm and swing remain.



JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

*Little Bo-peep so loves her sheep
She knows just where to find them;
If she leaves them alone they'll all come home
Bringing their lambs behind them.*

*Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep
And dreamt she heard them calling;
But when she awoke she found it a joke,
For still they all were browsing.*

*One day she took her little crook,
Happy once more to lead them;
She found a big stone that stood all alone
Where they played with the lambkins near them.*

*It happened one day, as Bo-peep did stray
Into a meadow hard by,
That there she espied them all side by side,
So lovingly did each one lie.*

*She looked at them long, then sang them a song,
As over the hillocks they played;
She did what she could, as a shepherdess should,
To make them all happy and quite unafraid.*

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

I HAD a little pony,
They called him Dapple-gray;
I lent him to a lady
To ride a mile away.
She petted him, she loved him,
She kept him from the mire;
I'll always lend my pony now
For the little lady's hire.

Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
I want to go with you if I may.
I am going to the field to see the men mowing;
Come with me and help us make the hay.

Awake! arise! and open your eyes,
And hear the time of day;
And when you have done
Just wag your tongue
And see what you can say.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

ONCE I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop,
So I called, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"
I went to the window
To say "How do you do?"
And he shook his little head
And into the room he flew.

==

Lady bird, Lady bird,
Fly away home,
Your husband is waiting,
Your children are home.

==

Doctor Foster
Went to Gloster
In a shower of rain;
He buttoned his coat
Up to his throat
And laughed—and was glad he came.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
Picked a flower and away he run!
The flower was sweet
And Tom was fleet,
And how they laughed along the street!

Little Polly Flinders
Sat before the cinders
Warming her pretty little toes.
Her mother came and caught her,
And kissed her pretty daughter,
So sweet in her nice clean clothes.

Peter White
Will always be right.
Would you know the reason why?
He follows his nose
Wherever he goes,
And his nose is straight,—that's why!



TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON,
PICKED A FLOWER, AND AWAY HE RUN!

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

SING a song of sixpence,
A heart filled full of love,
Four and twenty blackbirds
And one white dove.
When the door was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Wasn't that a pretty sight
To set before a king?

Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
I want to see you climb a pole.
Snail, snail, put out your head,
Then you can hear what I have said.

The cock doth crow
To let you know
If you're in bed
It's time you said—
“Good morning!”

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

DANCE, little baby, dance up high,
Laugh aloud, baby, Mother is by;
Crow and caper, caper and crow,
There, little baby, there you go:
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backwards and forwards, round and round.
Dance, little baby, and Mother will sing,
With a merry carol, ding-a-ling-ling.

==

Mistress Mary,
Never contrary,
How does your garden grow,—
With its lily bells,
And pretty shells,
All standing in a row?

==

Daffy-down-dilly has come up to town,
In a green petticoat and yellow gown,
To show us today that Springtime has come.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

TEN little Injuns standing in a line—
One went home & then there were nine.
Nine little Injuns swinging on a gate—
One jumped off and then there were eight.
Eight little Injuns staying at a tavern—
One went away and then there were seven.
Seven little Injuns playing pretty tricks—
One went to ride and then there were six.
Six little Injuns learning how to dive—
One swam away and then there were five.
Five little Injuns peeped through the door—
One ran behind and then there were four.
Four little Injuns climbed up a tree—
One slid down and then there were three.
Three little Injuns out in a canoe—
One hopped on land and then there were two.
Two little Injuns playing in the sun—
One fell asleep and then there was one.
One little Injun playing all alone—
He went in the house and then there was none.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

“**J**ACKY, go put up your fiddle,
If ever you mean to thrive.”
“Nay, I’ll not put up my fiddle
As long as I’m alive.”

“For I just love my fiddle,
And so does my dear old dad,
And many a joyful day
My fiddle and I have had.”



Ding, dong, bell, bucket’s in the well.
Who put it in? Little Tommy Green.
Who pulled it out? Little Tommy Trout.
What good boys were they,
On a warm summer’s day,
To give everybody a nice cool drink—
Now isn’t that just what you think?



Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his comfort begins.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

WHEN I was a little boy, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I
bought, I put upon a shelf;
I didn't want to live alone all my happy life,
So I went down into town to get myself a wife.
The streets were so broad, and the lanes were
so narrow,
I thought I'd bring my wife home in a wheel-
barrow.
The barrow was strong, my wife sang a song,
And the way was so happy, it didn't seem long!



A cat came fiddling out of a barn
With a pair of bagpipes under her arm;
She could sing nothing but miaow-miew-mee,
The mouse has married the bumble-bee;
Pipe, cat—dance, mouse—
We'll have a wedding at our good house.



THE BARROW WAS STRONG,
MY WIFE SANG A SONG,
AND THE WAY WAS SO HAPPY,
IT DIDN'T SEEM LONG!

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee.

There were children in the cabin,
And pussies in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood upon the deck,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With hair without a speck.

The captain was a duck,
With a red coat on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! Quack!"

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

As I WAS going up Primrose Hill,
Primrose Hill was pretty;
There I met a dear little miss,
And she sang me a ditty.

Little Miss, Pretty Miss,
Blessings be upon you;
If I had a dollar today,
I'd spend it all upon you.

What are little boys made of, made of,
What are little boys made of?
Laughs and smiles and cunning wiles,
And that's what little boys are made of,
made of.

What are little girls made of, made of,
What are little girls made of?
Laughs and kisses, the dear little misses,
And that's what little girls are made of,
made of.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

ONE, two,
Said little Sue;
Three, four,
Please open the door;
Five, six,
I'm in a fix;
Seven, eight,
It's very late;
Nine, ten,
And I and Ben;
Eleven, twelve,
Were told to delve;
Thirteen, fourteen,
And it is certain;
Fifteen, sixteen,
I hear him singing;
Seventeen, eighteen,
So he's waiting;
Nineteen, twenty,
For fun a-plenty.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

HIGH diddle doubt, my candle's out,
My little maid's not at home;
Saddle my horse and call out my
dog,
And fetch my little maid home.

Merry are the bells, and merry do they ring,
Merry is myself, and merry do I sing;
With a merry sing-song, happy, gay and free,
And a merry ding-dong, happy let us be!

Lively goes your gait, and dancing are your toes,
Nodding goes your head, and tilted is your nose;
Merry is your sing-song, happy, gay and free,
With a merry ding-dong, happy let us be!

Merry have we met, and merry have we been,
Merry let us part, and merry meet again;
With our merry sing-song, happy, gay and free,
And a merry ding-dong, happy let us be!

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

SEE, saw, Margery Daw,
Lent her bed and lay upon straw;
Was she not a dear, good child,
Lending her bed,—so gentle and mild?

A little man earned a fifty-dollar note,
And then bought a hat and a very fine coat;
With trousers and stockings and natty little shoes,
Cravat and collar, and gold-headed cane,
Then happy as could be, he walked up the lane;
“Now,” said he, “I shall hear all the news.”

1 I went up one flight of stairs.

2 Just like me.

1 I went up two flights of stairs.

2 Just like me.

1 I looked out of a window.

2 Just like me.

1 And there I saw a dear little child.

2 Just like me.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

LITTLE Tommy Tittlemouse,
Lived in a little house;
And he caught fishes
In all the big ditches.
He cooked them for dinner,
By letting them simmer—
Happy all the bright day,
Singing a merry lay.



There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she knew just what to do;
She gave them some broth with plenty of bread,
And kissed them all fondly and put them in bed.



“Dickery, dickery, dock!”
The mouse looked up at the clock;
The clock struck “One”—
Happy day’s begun—
“Dickery, dickery, dock.”



OLD KING COLE WAS A PEAR OLD SOUL,
AND A KIND OLD SOUL WAS HE.



OLD King Cole was a dear old soul,
And a kind old soul was he;
He called for his friends,
For mirth were his ends,
And he called for his children three.
He called for his fiddlers, who had fine
fiddles,
And a jolly good time had he.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

MARY had a little dog,
Whose hair was black as jet,
He followed Mary 'round all day,
And was her only pet.

One night he got into her bed,
Which wouldn't do at all—
She found him there with brother Ned,
Curled up into a ball.

There was an old woman lived under the hill,
And if she's not gone, she lives there still;
Baked apples she sold, and cranberry tart,
And carried them 'round in a nice little cart.

Goosey, goosey, gander, whither did you wander?
Upstairs, and downstairs, and in my lady's arbor;
There I met a good man, who always said his
prayers,
I took him by the right arm, and we went down
the stairs.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

LITTLE Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper;
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without any knife?
He doesn't have to cut it,
For he has a little wife.

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
And the big boy who looks after the sheep,
Is under the hay-cock fast asleep.
So, little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
And *we'll* watch happily all the morn.

There was a man, and his name was Rob,
And he had a wife, and her name was Mob,
And he had a dog, and he called it Cob,
And he had a cat, called Catter-a-bob.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

HOT cross buns, hot cross buns,
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns.

Give them to your daughters,
Give them to your sons,
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns.

==

I like little Pussy, her coat is so warm,
And every day, nearly, she comes in the
morn;
She sits on my bed, I don't drive her away,
Then Pussy and I very happily play.

==

Dickery, dickery, dare,
The kite flew up in the air;
The boy in brown soon brought it down,
Dickery, dickery, dare!



ONE A PENNY, TWO A PENNY,
HOT CROSS BUNS.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

THERE was an owl lived in an oak,
 Wisky, wasky, weedle;
And all the words he ever spoke
 Were fiddle, faddle, feedle.

A lady chanced to come that way,
 Wisky, wasky, weedle;
“Talk,” says she, “you funny bird,”
 Fiddle, faddle, feedle.

====

There was a little man, and he went a little mile,
And he found a little sixpence against a little stile;
He had a little rat, which loved a little mouse,
And they all lived together in a cunning little
house.

====

Hush-a-bye Baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough bends, the cradle will swing,
Happy is baby as ever a king.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

GEORGIE, Porgie, too jolly by half,
Teases the girls and makes them
laugh;

But when the girls begin to play,
Georgie, Porgie, runs away.

Ride a cock-horse to Shrewsbury Cross,
To buy little Johnny a galloping horse;
It trots behind, and it ambles before,
And Johnny shall ride till he wants to no more.

One happy, sunny morning,
When lovely was the weather,
I chanced to meet a good man, clothed
all in leather;
He began to talk to me, and I began
to grin,
“How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do, again?”

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

ROCK-A-BYE baby, thy cradle is green,
The prettiest thing that ever was seen:
The sky overhead, the birdies to sing,
And all of the joy that love can bring!

Hey diddle diddle—
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon—
The little dog barked to see such sport,
And the dish danced off with the spoon.

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will bright Robin do then?

Dear thing!

He will hop to the barn
And, to keep nice and warm,
He'll put his head under his wing—

Dear thing!

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

A LITTLE boy went into a barn,
And lay down on some hay;
An owl came out and flew about,
And the little boy stayed to play.



A, B, C and D,
We little playmates all agree;
E, F and G,
Happy it shall always be;
I, J, K and L,
In peace we will dwell;
M, N and O,
Then to play let us go;
P, Q, R and S,
Love we all possess;
T, U and V,
Now, don't you see,
W, X, Y and Z,
You learn—when you listen to me?

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

THE Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
To the Jack of Hearts
She gave those tarts,
To see what he would say.

Said Jack of Hearts,
"I'll eat some tarts,
For 'tis the first of May;
And, mother dear,
Do never fear,
I'll give the rest away."

Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee,
The fly did marry the bumble-bee;
They went to the church, and married
was she,—
The fly has married the bumble-bee.

TO THE JACK OF HEARTS,
SHE GAVE THOSE TARTS,
TO SEE WHAT
HE WOULD
SAY.



JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

RIDE a fast horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see Circus Jenny
Ride on a white horse;
Rings on her fingers,
Bells on her clothes,
She will be looked at
Wherever she goes.

Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree,
Singing to the Pussy-cat, "You can't catch me!"
Up went the Pussy-cat, away Robin ran,—
Sang little Robin Redbreast, "Catch me if you
can!"

Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon a wall,
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and then began to
call.

Little Robin chirped and sang, "What did
Pussy say?"

Pussy-cat "meowed"—and Robin flew away!

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

HIGH, ding-a-ding, what shall I sing?
How many holes in a skimmer?
Four-and-twenty—that's enough;
Mother, please give me some dinner.

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a chief;
Taffy came to my house and brought a piece
of beef.

I went to Taffy's house, Taffy wasn't home,
Taffy came to my house and brought a marrow
bone.

I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I said, "Thank you, Taffy,"—and he covered
up his head.

"Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, where have you been?"

"I've been to London to visit the Queen."

"Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, what did you do there?"

"I sat quite happily under her chair."

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

OLD Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her dear dog a bone;
And when she got there
Many bones made her stare,
And the dog got one all his own.

Great "A," little "a,"
Bouncing "B,"
The cat's in the cupboard,
And can't see me.

Dingty, diddledy, my mother's maid,
She liked oranges, so she said;
Some in her pocket, two in her sleeve,
She *did* like oranges, I do believe.

One to make ready
And two to prepare,
Three to start off again—
Then we are there.



AND WHEN SHE GOT THERE
MANY BONES MADE HER STARE,
AND THE DOG GOT ONE ALL HIS OWN

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

THERE were two birds, they sat on a
stone,
Fal-de-ral, al-de-ral, laddy;
One flew away, and then there was one,
Fal-de-ral, al-de-ral, laddy;
The other flew after and then there was none,
Fal-de-ral, al-de-ral, laddy;
So the big stone was left all alone,
Fal-de-ral, al-de-ral, laddy.
One little bird back again flew,
Fal-de-ral, al-de-ral, laddy;
The other came after and then there were two,
Fal-de-ral, al-de-ral, laddy.
Says one to the other, "Pray, how do you do?"
Fal-de-ral, al-de-ral, laddy.
"Very happy indeed, and I hope you are, too,"
Fal-de-ral, al-de-ral, laddy.

A sunshiny shower
Won't last half an hour.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

THERE was a monkey climbed up a tree;
When he fell down, then down fell he.

There was a crow sat on a stone;
When he was gone, then there was none.

There was an old wife did eat an apple;
When she had eat two, she had eat a couple.

There was a horse going to the mill;
When he went on, he stood not still.

There was a lackey ran a race;
When he ran fast, he ran apace.

There was a cobbler clouting shoon;
When they were mended, they were done.

There was a chandler making candle;
When he them strip, he did them handle.

There was a navy went into Spain;
When it returned, it came again.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

TOM, Tom, was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he was
young;
But all the tunes that he could play
Was, "Over the hills and far away."

Now Tom with his pipe made such a
noise,
That he pleased all little girls and boys;
And they all stopped to hear him play,
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such
skill,
That those who heard him could never
keep still;
Whenever they heard him they started to
dance,—
Even pigs on their hind legs would after
him prance.



TOM WITH HIS PIPE MADE SUCH A NOISE,
THAT HE PLEASED ALL LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

I'LL sing you a song,
Though not very long,
Yet I think it's as pretty as any;
Put your hand in your purse,
You'll never be worse,
And give the poor singer a penny.

When V and I together meet,
They make the number Six complete.
When I with V doth meet, once more,
Then 'tis they Two can make but Four.
And when that V from I is gone,
Alas! poor I can make but One.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year—that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

WHEN good King Arthur ruled
this land,
He was a goodly king;
He bought three pecks of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuffed it well with plums;
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night
The queen next morning fried.



Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round;
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round.
Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley
rolled round?

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

“**L**ITTLE maid, pretty maid, whither goest
thou?”

“Down in the forest to milk my cow.”
“Shall I go with thee?” “No, not now;
When I send for thee, then come thou.”

Little Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a rail;
Niddle naddle went his head,
Wiggle waggle went his tail.

I had two pigeons bright and gay;
They flew from me the other day.
What was the reason they did go?
I cannot tell, for I do not know.

Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy;
And here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

Is JOHN SMITH within?—
Yes, that he is.
Can he set a shoe?—
Ay, marry, two;
Here a nail, and there a nail,
Tick, tack, too.



Come, my children, come away,
For the sun shines bright today;
Little children, come with me,
Birds and brooks and posies see;
Get your hats and come away,
For it is a pleasant day.

Everything is laughing, singing,
All the pretty flowers are springing;
See the kitten, full of fun,
Sporting in the brilliant sun;
Children, too, may sport and play,
For it is a pleasant day.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

THERE was a big man of Bombay
Stood whistling one sunshiny day,
When a bird called a snipe
Came and sat on his pipe,
Which pleased the big man of Bombay.



Here comes a dear woman from Baby-land,
Five small children led by her hand.
One will talk, another will bake,
Another will make a pretty round cake;
One will sit in the garden and spin,
Another will make a fine coat for the king,—
Pray, ma'am, will you take one in?



Hark! Hark! the dogs do bark,
The children have come to town:
Some with bags, and some on nags,
And some in velvet gowns.



WHEN A BIRD CALLED A SNIPE
CAME AND SAT ON HIS PIPE,
WHICH PLEASED THE BIG MAN OF BOMBAY.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

A DILLAR, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
And now you come at noon.

Old Mistress McShuttle
Lived in a coal-scuttle,
Along with her dog and her cat:
What they ate I can't tell,
But 'tis known very well
That none of the party were fat.

How many miles is it 'to Babylon?—
Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light?—
Yes, and back again.
If your heels are nimble and light,
You may get there by candle-light.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
“Let me taste your ware.”

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
“Show me first your penny.”
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
“Indeed I have not any.”

Simple Simon went a-fishing,
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made young Simon whistle.

Leg over leg, as the dog went to Dover,
When he came to a stile, hop he went over.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

Bow-wow, says the dog;
Mew, mew, says the cat;
Grunt, grunt, goes the hog;
And squeak goes the rat.

Tu-whu, says the owl;
Caw, caw, says the crow;
Quack, quack, says the duck;
And what sparrows say you know.

So, with sparrows, and owls,
With rats, and with dogs,
With ducks, and with crows,
With cats, and with hogs,

A fine song I have made,
To please you, my dear;
And if it's well sung,
'T will be charming to hear.



Here am I, little jumping Joan.
Love's always with me, I'm never alone.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

Pussy sits beside the fire,
How can she be fair?
In comes the little dog,
“Pussy, are you there?”
So, so, dear Mistress Pussy,
Pray tell me how do you do?”
“Thank you, thank you, little dog,
I’m very well just now.”

“Where are you going, my pretty maid?”
“I’m going a-milking, sir,” she said.
“May I go with you, my pretty maid?”
“You’re kindly welcome, sir,” she said.
“What is your father, my pretty maid?”
“My father’s a farmer, sir,” she said.
“What is your fortune, my pretty maid?”
“My face is my fortune, sir,” she said.
“Then I can’t marry you, my pretty maid!”
“Nobody asked you, sir,” she said.

JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

THREE white mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife;
She cut them some cheese with her
carving-knife,—

Did you ever see such a sight in your life?
Three white mice!



I would if I could.
If I couldn't, how could I?
I couldn't without I could, could I?
Could you, without you could, could ye?
Could ye, could ye?
Could you, without you could, could ye?



There was an old crow
Sat upon a clod;
There's an end of my song—
That's odd!

THEY ALL RAN AFTER THE FARMER'S WIFE,
SHE CUT THEM SOME CHEESE
WITH HER CARVING KNIFE,
DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH
A SIGHT IN YOUR LIFE?
THREE WHITE MICE.



JINGLES OF A HAPPY MOTHER GOOSE

LITTLE Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a nice spider,
And sat down beside her,
And said to Miss Muffet, "Good day."

Little Miss Muffet
Who sat on the tuffet
Eating of curds and whey,
Said to the spider
Who sat down beside her,
"Have some of my curds and whey?"

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a big plum—oh, my!"

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THERE CAME A NICE SPIDER,
AND SAT DOWN BESIDE HER,
AND SAID TO MISS MUFFET,
"GOOD DAY!"





HE PUT IN HIS THUMB,
AND PULLED OUT A PLUM.
AND SAID, "WHAT A BIG PLUM-ON, MY!"

